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## HOT GAMES FOR MIND BLOWING SEX

The best thing about being in a successful monogamous relationship is that everything is permitted. That's right. Everything is acceptable, and you can go truly wild!

The trust and friendship that grows from romance over time allows two people to confess and explore their deepest and darkest sexual fantasies.

Maybe when you were a kid, you had a sweet, busty, brunette kindergarten teacher who had a penchant for wearing cowboy boots. Would it be out of the question, then, to buy your dark-haired wife a pair of Tony Lamas? Of course not! It's sexy, thoughtful, and just plain hot.

When you have sex with only one person, you develop a playful, familiar banter between the two of you. Say you're watching *I Dream of Jeannie* reruns on Nick at Nite and then, reenacting them later, your lady gets on her knees and says, "Yes, Master. Your wish is my command." You both laugh and continue, completely turned on and ready to have great sex.

That's what roleplay is: The sexual playfulness of two adults

taking something that may start as a running joke one step further, then another, and another. There's no need to feel as if you're stuck with the same person every day; none of us is the same person every day—we change with our moods, and so can your sex.

Guys: Some days you feel confidence coursing through your veins, and you want to take that assertive energy somewhere.

So why not be the commanding, scolding, and masculine headmaster to your girl's kittenish, teasingly naughty schoolgirl? Or, ladies: When you feel like getting dressed up in your sexiest clothes—with high heels, fishnets, and a lacy G-string underneath—wouldn't it be fun to meet your man at a bar neither of you has ever been to, pretend to not know each other, and have a dirty, sleazy flirtation that ends with your man bending you over the sink in the bar's bathroom? Or why not tell him it's going to cost him \$100 for oral and \$250 for the works?

Sometimes a lady wants to be treated like a whore; imagine how much fun it would be to pretend to be one.

## **Being Imaginative Doesn't Cost Althing**

A lot of people assume roleplay means having to go to a costume shop to pick out a gladiator costume, or going to a uniform shop to find nurses' scrubs. That alone could make the whole thing seem silly, not to mention a royal pain in the ass and a needless expense. Roleplay, above all, is about your imagination and the situations you can create—proving, once again, that the brain is indeed the sexiest organ. You don't have to comb your closet looking for your old Catholic-school uniform and pray that it still fits. It's about communication more than anything else.

Sometimes, while I'm in bed with a lover, we'll suddenly start talking to each other while having sex or just touching. "What's your favorite fantasy?" I've been asked, while my mouth has been too busy to answer back—and I know that's a cue to use my hand instead, and tell a tale. It's really sexy to do this while you're both comfortably lying together, touching and talking in whispers, because talking low can make everything sound extra dirty and devilish.

Maybe I'll start by saying, "I'm 15 years old, and you're the hot di-

vorced guy who lives next door. I enjoy spending my free time teasing you by sunning myself in the backyard in my skimpy bathing suit while you're digging weeds and working up a sweat watching me rub sunscreen all over myself."

Sometimes I'll tell the tale all by myself, but other times my lover will collaborate with me. He will continue by saying, "Yes, you're a horny teenager who can't get enough, and you've been teasing me by showing off your hot body and giving me those sexy looks. You invite me over when your parents are away, and I fuck you in your bedroom over and over.

You're such a horny, dirty little girl." Then I continue where he leaves off: "I'm a little scared of you because you're such a big, manly, older guy, and you've got a huge cock, but I'm so horny and hot for you I can't help myself. I brace myself when you take me on my twin bed." And so, on and so forth. Then the talking subsides and we have hard, thrusting sex for a while, until I suddenly

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say, "I really wish you were my neighbor..." BAM! It's explosive orgasms for both of us. When you're role-playing, bringing a little real emotion into the fantasy can do delicious things for both the brain and the body!

### **The Pickup**

As you know, plenty of moderate-to-expensive hotels have bars inside that you can patronize without being a guest. Make a date with your partner to meet at the bar, preferably at a time when it won't be crowded so you can be sure there will be an empty chair next to you.

I'd suggest meeting either before or after happy hour, which is usually between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m. Decide which of you wants to approach the other, because it can work either way. Maybe whoever gets there first gets hit on.

### **Call-Girl Banter**

You see her sitting there nursing a cocktail; she has been alone for a while, and you've been watching her. She's lovely in a sexy but understated dress and heels, her hair done up, her makeup and nails perfect—but there's something off about her. It's as if she's waiting for someone, but wait-

ing for no one in particular—and that's where you fit in: She is waiting for someone to buy her company, and you're just the guy to do it, because you're confident, you're horny, and you've got the cash and a sense of adventure.

Slide onto the stool next to her, and order yourself a drink, adding, "And get another of whatever the pretty lady is having." She turns to you with a smile and says, "Why, thank you, kind stranger." You get your drinks, you clink glasses, take your respective sips, and you tell her your name is John. She responds that her name is Lola. "I was just wondering, Lola, why a beautiful woman such as yourself would be sitting in a hotel bar all alone?" you ask her.

She tosses her hair, laughs, and says, "But, John, I'm not alone right now, am I? I was waiting for a handsome stranger looking for some fun, and now I'm wondering if I've found him." She plays footsie with you as she says this, and it instantly arouses you.

### **Making the Move**

You've been flirting for a bit, making a lot of double entendres, looking into each other's eyes, and playing with your

The background of the entire image is a dense, chaotic stream of various banknotes falling from the top. The notes are in shades of purple, pink, and green, suggesting different denominations. They are oriented in various directions, creating a sense of rapid motion and abundance. The text is overlaid on this background.

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swizzle sticks. You get it, and Lola gets it, too. It's time to make the move: "So, what would it take for a beautiful woman like you to come up to my room and spend a little private time with a stranger from out of town?"

Lola gives you a sexy smirk and says, "Well, that all depends on what the sexy stranger wants and for how long." She puts her hand on your thigh as she says this, and rubs, going higher and higher, as you sit dangerously close to one another.

You lean over and say into her hair, "I want everything, and I want it all night long, baby." Lola nods and says, "That will be \$400 for the best night of your life." You agree, pay the tab, and take her upstairs. If you elect not to get a room, you drive her home, or she follows you in her own car.

### **The Action**

When you get to the hotel room or your home, get business out of the way first. "John, so we can relax and enjoy our night, why don't we settle up first," Lola says, putting her arms around your shoulders and rubbing the back of your neck. It feels so good, and you can't wait to get your hands on this sexy whore.

You can't wait to see what she's got under that dress. You take out your wallet and pay right away. She puts the money in her elegant purse, sets the purse down on the coffee table, and resumes, rubbing herself against you.

"Are you ready for me now, John?" she asks. You have your hands on her ass, and you rub its beautiful, voluptuous roundness and ask if you can kiss her. She answers by kissing you, darting her tongue into your mouth, and you respond by pulling up her dress and feeling her soft silk panties and garter belt.

Lola is sexy and worth every penny. You thrust your hand down the front of her panties and finger her moist pussy. "You're a wet, sexy whore," you tell Lola. "Do you get wet like this for all your clients?" She, in turn, rubs the crotch of your trousers, outlining your bulge. "Only the really hot, manly ones like you. I hit the jackpot tonight, baby, and you've hit the jackpot, too, because I'm the best there is."

You release her, sit on the couch, and tell her, "Show me." She slowly strips down to her bra, panties, garter belt, and high heels and goes over to you on the couch, straddles you, and murmurs that she is bought and paid





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for the entire evening—and it's anything you want, anything at all.

## **THE SECRETARY AND THE BOSS**

They don't call them secretaries anymore—or not much, anyway. People are now “administrative assistants,” and there's even a designated “administrative professionals” day.

For this scenario, though, let's recall a time gone by, when secretaries would do anything their bosses needed of them—and like it. In my opinion, every day should be secretaries' day in the bedroom.

What man hasn't fantasized about having a sexy secretary just a four-digit phone extension away, ready to jump into action for him? Feeling like a powerful man who is in the position of scolding a woman when she makes a mistake without having to apologize is very sexy, isn't it? Your secretary needs you for guidance; she looks up to you, admires you.

Your secretary is a young, single woman trying to make her way in the world, and sometimes you have to be a little firm with her.

## *Kama Sensations* **What the Secretary Should Wear**

I find dressing as a traditional fifties or sixties secretary to be a lot of fun. It's very easy to get into character wearing a twinset with sexy underwear, a garter belt, and some silk hose with the seam running up the back.

The shoes are extremely important; they have to be high heels, either pumps or stilettos. Yes, these are the kind of shoes that might cause her pain, so she should practice walking around the house in them before using them for play. Luckily, she won't really be walking much! Black shiny high heels, spike heels, or stilettos—now those are for playing. It's a part of the fantasy she can't skimp on, so by all means encourage her to go shoe shopping if she doesn't have these. I would go to an adult lingerie store, which will have plenty to choose from, and their saleswomen will be very helpful in assisting her.

## **What the Boss Should Wear**

Obviously, a good suit is the proper attire, and I have to assume that most men have at least one in their closet. Alternately, some nice separates—a



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sport coat and slacks—with a tie would work. Wear dress shoes, shiny black ones if possible. You should look neat and almost severe.

Use product in your hair and comb it back, or part it on the side. You want to look like a real businessman, someone who walks down the street and commands respect. The suit makes the man, and in this case nothing could be more important. In fact, I would almost go to the extreme and wear suspenders under your jacket, if you have them.

The whole look should feel most villainous, a little cold and quite authoritative. If you don't have a suit, you can buy a decently priced one for \$300 at most big department stores, and a nice pair of shoes for \$100. As far as the kink factor goes, I wouldn't wear any underwear, as there's something deliciously perverse about a handsome man in a suit pulling out his cock with the greatest of ease. He might look conservative, but the boss is a pervert, and he wants easy access to his dick, for himself and for his secretary.

### **The Office**

To set the scene, you can use your office at home—and when I say “office,” I mean the room where

your computer is, wherever you pay your bills and whatnot. All you really need is a desk and a chair. Of course, we have all fantasized about having sex in the office. I definitely have. And if it's possible and you know you won't get into any trouble, or if you have keys and a building pass for weekends and after-hours, I say go for it. But playing at home is just as fun, not to mention less stressful and more convenient.

### **The Pickup**

You are a little irritated with your secretary for taking an extra-long lunch hour, and you need to discipline her, or at least make her work for that hour of your time she just threw away. A blowjob is the perfect punishment.

Call her into your office and tell her what the penalty is: wet, deep-throat action. Have her come behind your desk and kneel in front of you. Don't thrust your cock into her mouth all at once, because she will gag and acci-

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dentally give you some teeth. Put it in slowly, and hold it there. Go in a little further, and a little further, and tell her to take it all in, to take every inch of you. Then pull it out slowly, but not all the way out. Keep repeating this until her muscles relax and she gets used to it, and then go a little faster, and faster still.

Get her into your rhythm until you are literally fucking her face, and tell her, "I'm fucking your face and your mouth, Miss Tennenbaum. I'm putting those big red lips to good use. Do you like having your boss's cock for lunch? Do you love your boss's cock?" If you want to hear a reply, slowly pull it out and have her look up at you; if she doesn't reply, squeeze her face and command her to. She will say, "Yes, I really love my boss's cock. I'm so hungry for your cock all the time. I love my boss." You stroke her hair tenderly, then put your hard-on back in her mouth and continue until you decide it's time for Miss Tennenbaum to do something else for you.

### **Following the Boss's Orders**

Expose your secretary, make her feel like your little plaything, your doll, your property. You pay her; she is yours, and you can

do whatever you want with her. Go back to your desk, sit down, and ask her to stand in front of the desk.

Ask her to slowly unbutton her blouse and take it off for you, and place it neatly on the chair. Admire her lovely, lacy bra; really leer at her as if it's your right. Then ask her to slowly take off her skirt and neatly place it on the chair. She is wearing a matching lace G-string, and a garter belt holds up her stockings. You approve, and you'll show it, but first she must slowly turn around so you can get a good look at her fine ass in that G-string.

"Very nice, Miss Tennenbaum.

Very nice. I like your choice in unmentionables. Now bend over for a moment, and touch your toes." As she touches the tips of her shiny black high-heeled shoes, you admire her ass even more. You're getting very excited again. You tell her to stand up and come over to you. "Walk slowly," you instruct her. She does, and you turn your chair around to face her. You reach up to stroke her all over, with both hands: her belly, her waist, her hips, her breasts, her legs, her ass.... She shudders with pleasure all over, loving the feeling of being your object of desire. She's





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getting wetter, she wants you to go further, she wants her boss to do her, and fast.

## **THE MAID AND THE EMPLOYER**

There isn't a man or woman alive who doesn't enjoy a sexy French maid's outfit. It's so popular, I daresay it trumps even the schoolgirl getup in the object-of-lust category.

A woman loves wearing it, and a man loves molesting the woman who's wearing it. This is no innocent child; this is a woman, a sexy, curvaceous woman who wears a racy, short black dress that flares out at the bottom, and when she bends down to scrub the floors, you can see her panties.

She's got a cute little apron and a sweet little hat, but that doesn't mean she's a pushover; she's the most powerful

servant there is because her sexuality is so strong and admittedly obvious. The great thing about the French maid fantasy is that when the boss's wife is away and these two play, she can turn the tables and tell this man exactly what to do. The maid employer fantasy is versatile, and partners can easily switch their roles from dominant to submissive.

## **What the Employer Should Wear**

A lot of well-to-do men these days don't walk around wearing three-piece suits. Some of them wear jeans and sneakers. You have to decide who you want to be and how much authority you want to project. If you're a rock star coming back from a recording session only to find your luscious worker tidying up, then, yes, wear jeans and a T-shirt, or even

leather pants. If you're an investment banker and you're on your way to an important meeting, then a suit would be appropriate. The employer might become home early from a Saturday afternoon round of golf at the country club, wearing sport clothes. The scenarios are endless.

## **The Pickup**

You come home in the middle of the workday to pick up some papers from the home office. Nobody is home except your beautiful maid, who is in the living room dusting with the TV on.

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half-watching soap operas. She is wearing her short little maid dress, fishnets, and a garter belt with high, sexy black heels. Her hair is up and away from her face in the front and cascading down the back, from under her frilly little maid's cap. She doesn't see you as she stoops over the coffee table, lazily dusting while watching soap operas.

You watch her, half in admiration of her fine figure and beauty, and half in annoyance because she is not paying proper attention to the task at hand. You sneak up behind her and grab her by the hips. "Is this TV show of more interest to you than your job?" you say. She jumps to attention but cannot get out of your grasp.

"What are you doing home? Is something wrong?" she asks, trying to wriggle her cute body away from you. You put your hands under her little dress and start caressing her ass. "I had to pick up some papers. You've got a beautiful ass, you know—it's a very lazy ass, but a beautiful one. I've been watching you ever since my wife hired you, and I've wanted to get my hands on this beautiful round ass of yours."

"Thankyou. I'm glad you find my ass so appealing." She shudders at the touch of your wandering

hands, which are now going between her legs and tickling her lightly. "Now, how about we both start getting our hands dirty?"

She lifts up her uniform and shows you what she is wearing underneath: a sexy garter belt and little lace panties. How you decide to proceed is completely up to you.

### **Alternative Scenarios**

While your wife is away on business, the maid stops over to do a quick dusting and accidentally stumbles upon you pleasuring yourself in the basement.

She tries to sneak away, but you catch sight of her and turn her drop-in into a full-service appointment.

Or, try my personal favorite: While your maid is on her hands and knees scrubbing your floors, enjoy the view of her fine ass and body moving back and forth while she's making your house nice and clean—then sneak up on her from behind and make her totally filthy. As always, it's up to you and your imagination and what turns both of you on. You don't have to have a real bucket of suds and a sponge, but why not? Realism helps create a good, exciting fantasy, and you'll end up with a clean kitchen floor to boot.





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## BROKEN VOWS

Today's the day I'll break my nasty little habit once and for all. That's what I tell myself as I shuffle onto the London-bound plane with the other Premiere Executives. I'm the only woman in the bunch, which isn't unusual. Before I decided to change my ways, the closeness of so many anonymous male bodies was the first thing to get me in the mood for later misbehavior. I'd imagine them gathered around me as I pleased myself, cocks in hand, ready to shoot their loads all over me until every inch of my flesh glistened like a freshly glazed doughnut.

Today, however, I resolutely wipe such thoughts from my mind as I hurry through the business-class cabin—no upgrade this time, alas—and silently repeat my vow.

I will not masturbate under the blanket on this flight.

I murmur it, under my breath, as I slip my suitcase into the overhead bin.

I will not masturbate under the blanket on this flight.

Pulling my book from my shoulder bag, I settle into seat 33B. I specifically requested a center

seat rather than my usual window. Breaking bad habits always requires a certain amount of discomfort, and it will be that much harder to jam my hand down my pants with a vigilant stranger on either side.

I pick up the plastic-wrapped blanket from my chair and push it under the seat in front of me, out of temptation's way. It'll make for a chilly night, but I can hardly masturbate if I have no blanket, can I?

"Excuse me."

It's a male voice, obviously the occupant of 33A. I rise and step into the aisle to let him pass. He gives me a pleasant "thank you," but I continue to ignore him, except to notice that he's tall and sturdy, which means he'll probably hog the armrest.

My new row mate makes all the requisite motions of buckling his seat belt, while I try my best to focus on my book. I can feel him glancing over at me, though, and it's all I can do not to roll my eyes. One vow I've had no trouble keeping is to reject overtures from chatty neighbors on long flights, especially men. I do enough coddling of male egos in my work. I've recently been pro-

moted to VP of marketing, North America, for a power-tool company, and my coworkers and customers are virtually all men. At times I need a break from the cordless-screwdriver crowd.

My neighbor clears his throat softly, but with obvious intent. He's certainly persistent. In spite of myself, I glance over, not at his face, but at his hands resting in his lap.

I do a double take. He's holding the very same book I have: the new paperback edition of *The View From Castle Rock*. A guy reading Alice Munro?

"It looks like we have something in common," he says.

I smile. "I didn't know men were allowed to read fiction by high-brow female Canadian authors." "Oh, I'm not reading it. I just bought it for the pictures."

For the first time I really look at him: dark hair, warm brown eyes, and a smile to melt a glacier. He's not bad. Not bad at all. "How'd you get turned on to Alice?" I'm actually curious to know the answer.

"I like her stories in *The New Yorker* and thought I'd checkout her latest book. It's very good."

I narrow my eyes. "What other authors do you like?"

"Let's see, John Irving. T. C. Boyle. Vonnegut. Sometimes I venture into Don DeLillo."

"That's good. Those are all Y-chromosome writers. I was thinking you might be a dyke undergoing testosterone therapy in preparation for the Operation." He lifts his eyebrows. "I guess I'll take that as a compliment."

We laugh.

By the time they bring around dinner we're still talking. Paul tells me he's a project manager for an open-source database company and travels a lot, like me. We have other things in common, too: crazy bosses, sisters who just had surprisingly cute kids. He runs 5K races and so do I. Strangest of all, we both just discovered a slow-food bistro in Noe Valley that serves "priest's collar" pasta. Paul confesses that his Catholic childhood adds a certain kinky enjoyment to the dish.

I agree and tell him about my great-aunt, Sister Loyola.

"Maybe we're twins separated at birth?" I haven't had anything to drink, but by movie time, I'm

feeling tipsy.

"Don't take this the wrong way," Paul replies, "but I hope we're not."

His eyes flicker. Okay, so he wants to drill me with his power tool like all the rest. I have enjoyed the flirting, but sense it's best to cool things down before he makes any further moves. Letting guys pick me up on airplanes is a habit I gave up for good several years back.

"Well, Paul, it's been fun, but I'd better get some sleep now or I'll never get over jet lag."

"Of course, I should get some sleep, too." He reaches under the seat in front of him. "Hey, I seem to have an extra blanket—would you like one?"

My stomach tightens.

I will not masturbate under the blanket on this flight.

Still, it would look strange to refuse his offer, so I take the blanket and tuck it under my arms, leaving my hands exposed and out of mischief. To Paul's "sweet dreams," I smile politely and turn my head toward the neighbor on my right, a silver-haired gentleman who's already snoozing un-

der his sleep mask.

I close my eyes. The dreams that await me are definitely not sweet. So, what'll it be? Masturbate now and get it over with, or futilely resist the inevitable for another half an hour and then do it?

I squeeze my eyes tighter. I made a vow. I'm too old for this. I'm a responsible executive. Playing with myself in public is a nasty habit and I have to stop.

Come on, you know that cute guy got you so worked up, you won't get a wink of sleep if you don't diddle yourself.

I curl my hands into chaste fists.

I have to think of something—anything—besides sex. What about Alice Munro? A great writer, so controlled in her prose. She'd never masturbate on an airplane. Then again, her stories are always full of sexual yearning. I flash on a scene in her latest work about a young man who's troubled by the urge to stroke the velvety skin of his sister-in-law's birthmark. It was slightly perverse, but the idea has made me a little warm and tingly inside.

Now I'm very warm and tingly. In desperation, I turn back to-

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ward Paul, hoping some pleasant conversation might rescue me from my own troubling urges. Unfortunately, he's already asleep, his chest rising and falling rhythmically, his lips slightly parted. I study his face, the thick eyelashes and kissable mouth. His hand is even more appealing—he is indeed hogging the armrest—with long, sturdy fingers and a tracery of veins on the back that reminds me of a hard cock. My left arm prickles from the warmth of his body. We're close enough that we could be in bed together, dozing after a satisfying fuck.

I sigh and turn away. I fly often enough for business that it should be a bore, but airplane travel still arouses me in some primal way. The moment I arrive at an airport and get that first whiff of jet fuel on the breeze, my blood starts to race with the promise of adventure and escape. That pulse still throbs now, down there, between my legs.

My fingers twitch. The throbbing quickens, fueled by the drone of the jet's engines.

All right, there's no use fighting it.

I am going to masturbate under the blanket on this flight.

With careful nonchalance, I slide my hands under the blanket.

Over the years, my nasty little habit has evolved into a system to bring myself off with a minimal chance of exposure. I close my eyes and fantasize like hell while I squeeze my secret muscles, sometimes lingeringly slow, sometimes as quick as hummingbird wings until I get myself so hot it takes just a minute or two of direct stimulation to come. Then I lift my hands slightly and clasp my right wrist with my left hand, forming a tent that lets my pussy finger wiggle away unseen until I achieve the desired result. After that comes the extra bonus: sweet, untroubled sleep straight till breakfast.

I don't need to search far for my fantasy today. My lewd mind steals Paul's large, tanned hand and copies it threefold: one for each breast, the third to rest over my mons like some avant-garde artist's vision of a fleshly bikini. On cue, the hands cupping my breasts begin to pleasure me, expertly tweaking and palming my nipples, which really do stiffen and rise under my shirt. Down below, the middle finger of Paul's extra hand slithers into my cleft to tease my clit with a soft, circling motion.



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Meanwhile, I work my cunt muscles—squeeze, release, squeeze, release—until I’m almost squirming in my seat. Before long, it’s time to ease my hand under the elastic of my yoga pants and finish up the job.

As a final precaution, I take a quick peek at the old guy, who’s snoring softly. Stealthily, I roll my head to check on my second companion.

Only to find myself staring straight into Paul’s lovely—and wide-awake- brown eyes.

I freeze.

He smiles, with just a hint of mischief, and bends close to whisper, “I’d like to help, if I can.”

I wince, as if someone’s poured a glass of ice water between my legs.

Of course, the only proper reply is a huffy “Whatever do you mean, sir?” But as he continues to gaze at me with that knowing look, the chill in my secret place melts back into a pulsing warmth. Paul’s obviously guessed what I’m up to. And since I so brazenly borrowed his fantasy hands for my pleasure, why not see what the real one can do for me?

I nod, just once, but Paul needs no further encouragement. With admirable smoothness, he raises the armrest between us and slides his hand under my blanket. Flashing me one last bad-boy grin, he closes his eyes to assume a mask of innocent slumber. Except, under the blanket, his hand is massaging my leg in a most indecent way.

Instinctively, my knees ease open. His fingers wander higher, to the crease of my thigh, which he strokes lightly through my pants. I grit my teeth. The hot, tickling sensation radiates through my vulva and my cunt muscles contract deliciously.

The fingers shift to the right, circling my mons with a steady pressure. I rock my hips discreetly up into his hand. It’s so forbidden and exciting, I probably could come this way, but suddenly I crave his touch on my naked flesh. I ease down my waistband and Paul takes his cue to burrow inside. His middle finger immediately finds my clit, which probably isn’t too difficult, given how hard and swollen it gets when I’m this turned on.

He begins to strum.

Each stroke of his finger sends sparks sizzling through my



pussy. My cheeks burn and I'm trying so hard not to moan, my ribs ache. I squeeze Paul's wrist to steady myself but— devilishly—he only quickens the pace. There's no turning back now, because I'm a slave to that jiggling finger. I'm a horny slut who wants it so bad, she'll let a stranger finger her twat on an airplane, yes, she'll let him rub her wet, swollen pussy until she comes, which is just what I'm doing right now, yes, I'm coming all over Paul's hand. I grit my teeth to hold back the scream rising from my belly, ricocheting through my body, as my ass jerks rhythmically into the cushion.

When I open my eyes, Paul's watching me, a faint smile playing at his lips.

I smile back. "Thanks."  
"My pleasure."

He squeezes my hand sweetly before he retreats to his own blanket, and I'm considering ways I can return the favor when suddenly he stands. "Excuse me, I'll be right back."

I blink in confusion. Where's he going? To take a leak at a time like this? But I'm too befuddled by that rocketing orgasm to think clearly, and before I know it, Paul's back beside me, giving my

hand another squeeze. "And now I have to thank you."

"For what? I didn't get a chance to do anything."

"Believe me, you did. I think we're both going to sleep well now." That's when I finally get it. Paul and I might not know each other well, but he's clearly on intimate terms with my nasty little habit. We now have something else in common.

Breakfast could have been strained, but we're too busy talking for any awkward moments. Paul seems genuinely sorry I'm flying on to Frankfurt, and when they announce our descent into Heathrow, he pulls out a business card and writes a number on the back. "This is my personal cell number. I'll be back in San Francisco on the 12th and I hope you'll consider giving me a call."

I slip the card in my purse with a noncommittal smile, but after he's gone I quickly take it out again and hold it up to my nose to see if I can catch the lingering scent of his hand on the paper.

Yes, it's my rule not to sleep with men I meet on airplanes, but I might make an exception for Paul. After all, he helped me keep my

vow not to masturbate under the blanket—and every manager knows that delegating a task is not the same as doing it yourself. Besides, thanks to him, I've learned another valuable lesson. Sometimes breaking a nasty habit can be very nice indeed.





## MR. SOFTEE

*My penis is getting me really bummed out. No matter what I do and what drug! take, I just cannot achieve a firm hard-on. Am I getting old? (I just turned 45.) How can i whip my dick into shape?*

Many men feel your pain. Indeed, 10 to 15 percent of men your age experience some degree of erectile dysfunction (ED). Although age alone doesn't cause ED, it is definitely a factor. Hormone levels change drastically at around 40 years of age, and declining testosterone can be responsible for diminishing erections. Another big cause of erectile issues is vascular or heart problems.

An erection is all about blood

flow, so if your vessels are blocked you won't get enough blood to fully engorge your penis. In fact, ED is often an early warning sign—men with ED are 80 percent more likely to suffer a heart attack or stroke. Diabetes is another big culprit, as it can damage the blood vessels. Other medical conditions, such as a pituitary disorder or liver damage, can also affect erectile functioning.

Get a complete medical check-up to see if any of these conditions underlie your penile problems, and make sure that any medications prescribed to correct your medical condition don't further aggravate your ED. About 25 percent of ED cases are caused by drugs such as antidepressants and medications for hair loss.

Stress can also be an erection downer, as the cortisol released by our bodies during



stress lowers testosterone. Changing your lifestyle, such as cutting down on drinking and smoking, will also do wonders for your weenie.

Hitting the gym is one of the best ways to improve your erectile function, as working out boosts your testosterone level, improves your vascular and cardiac health, and reduces stress—not to mention the exposure you get to lots of fit eye candy, which is in itself a great penile motivator.

Finally, consider this paradox: Getting your mind to focus less on your cock and more on her pleasure is bound to improve your erection.

A watched pot never boils, and a watched penis never hardens. Make it all about her—kiss and caress her, give her massages, and give her great head; before you know it, you will be stiff and screwing. The less pressure you put on your penis, the more likely it is to perform for you.

## **BY THE NUMBERS?**

*Every girl I go out with seems to wait at least three dates before letting me into her pants. Is there an unspoken rule that women secretly agreed upon about dating guys? Is there a way to get her to violate this rule? And what should I do to appear less desperate to get her to put out—shag that homely but ready-and-willing broad at the neighborhood bar?*

Yes, most women abide by a hookup time line inculcated in us by a society that deems us “loose,” not to mention desperate, if we jump your bones on the first date. But many of you guys actually write these “rules” by dividing women into two groups—either Madonnas or whores, as some shrinks put it. (Of



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course, most women want you to think of them as Madonnas.) Moreover, men are natural-born hunters—and we are the prey—so it would be rather unbecoming for the fish to swallow the hook without the bait.

You are supposed to supply bait in the form of a few dates with sweet words and desserts, and this pursuit is termed “courtship.”

Don’t fret about it; such is the law of nature. Most vertebrate males of every species have to put in some work before they get laid.

The exact number of dates before we succumb to your seduction varies depending on geographical region and other factors, although most women try to avoid having sex on the first two dates—longer if the man is relationship material.

There are exceptions, of course. If she is really horny or really liberated, if you are

really hot or really loaded, or if she has just broken up with her ex and is looking for revenge or rebound loving or a one-night stand, you can get in without the wait. The rest of the time, you can expedite things a bit by learning the art of skillful seduction—although learning to delay gratification may be easier than becoming a world-class Casanova.

Taking her to Tiffany’s is likely to move up her time line—in the animal world it is termed a “copulatory gift,” and the size of the gift determines whether the male praying mantis gets laid or gets his head ripped off.

With respect to letting out some steam to appear less horny, you can certainly shag that neighborhood slut; but remember, you can spoil your appetite by eating junk food before the feast. Whether you should go that route depends on how hungry you are—and how homely she is.





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